

CEREBUS GOING HOME 19

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250
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CEREBUS

NO. 250

JANUARY 2000

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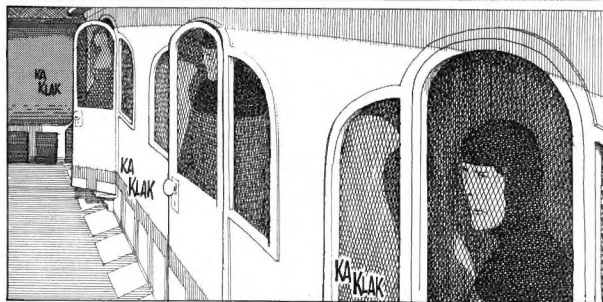
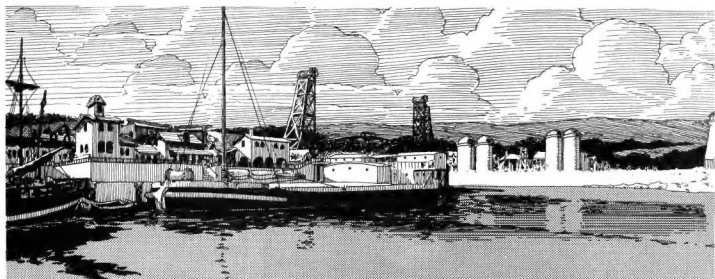
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GOING HOME

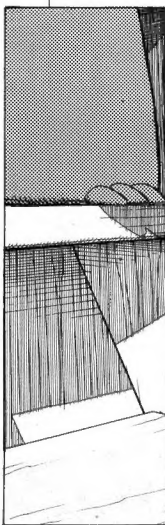
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BOOK ONE
Sudden Moves
(Cerebus 232 to
239)

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BOOK TWO
Fall and the
River
(Cerebus 240 to
250)

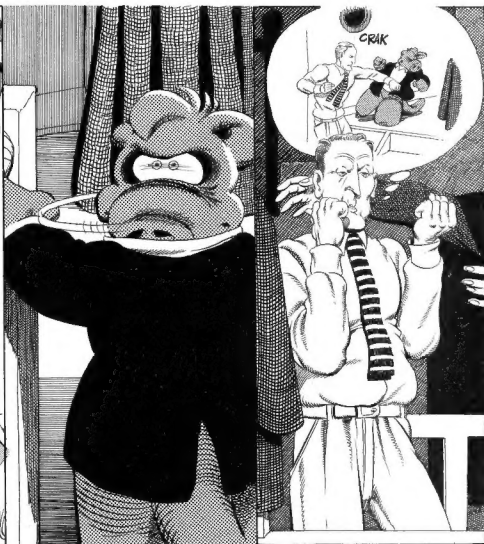
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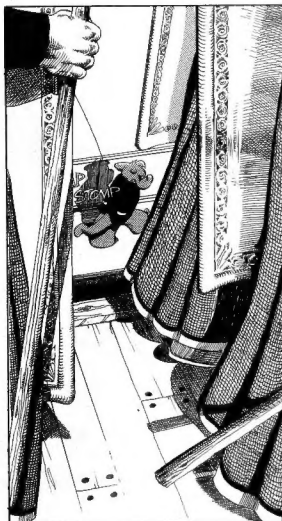
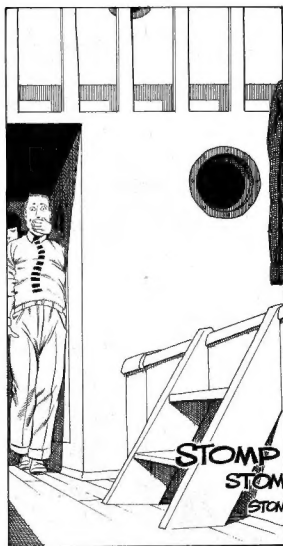


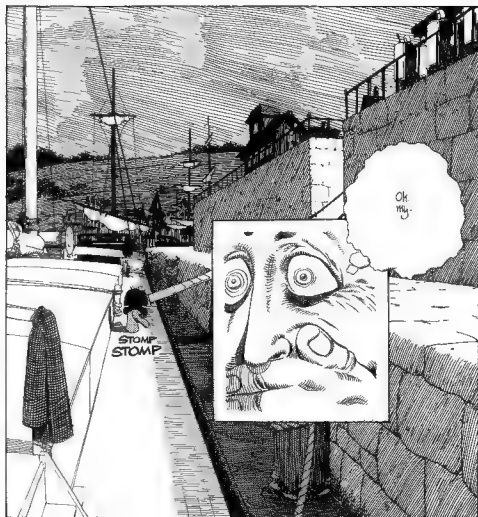


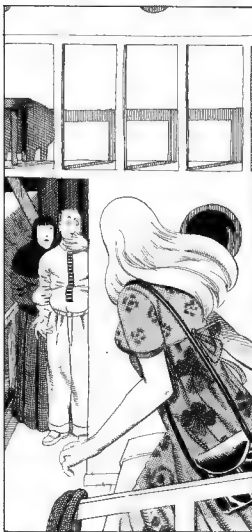
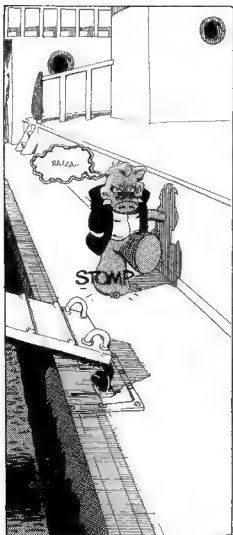


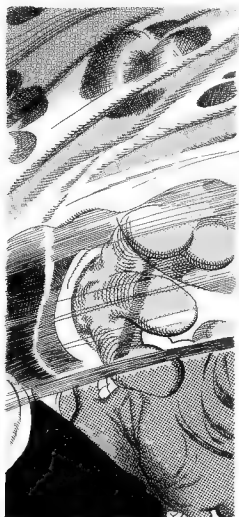
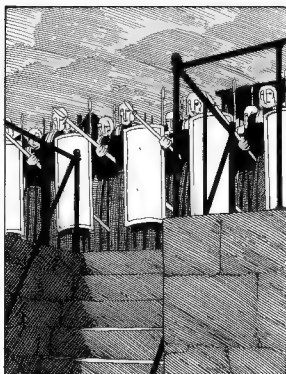
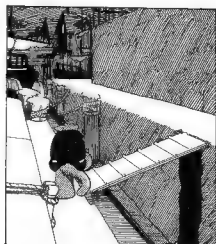


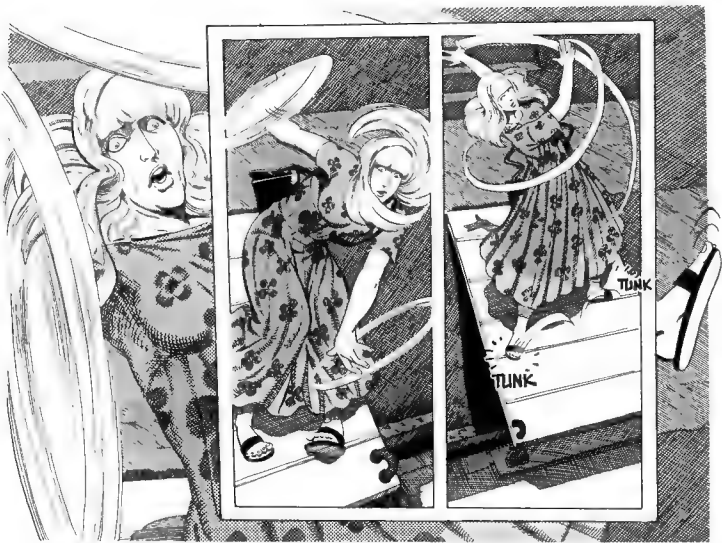


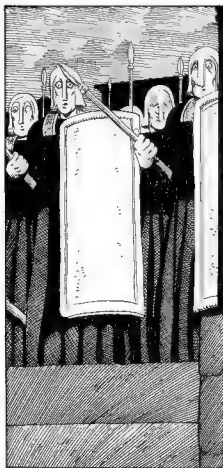


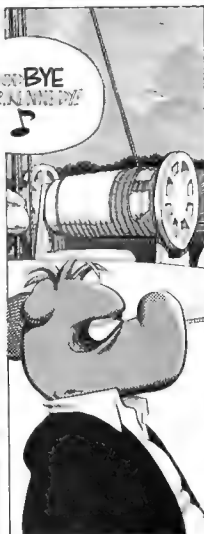


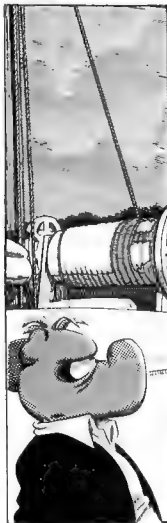
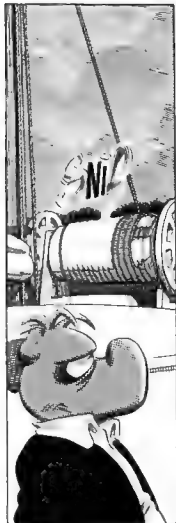
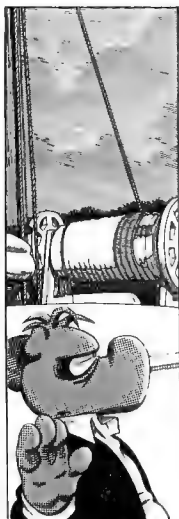
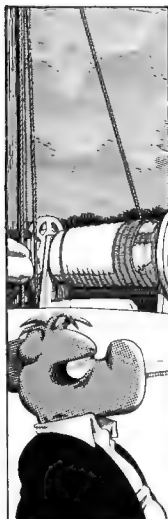




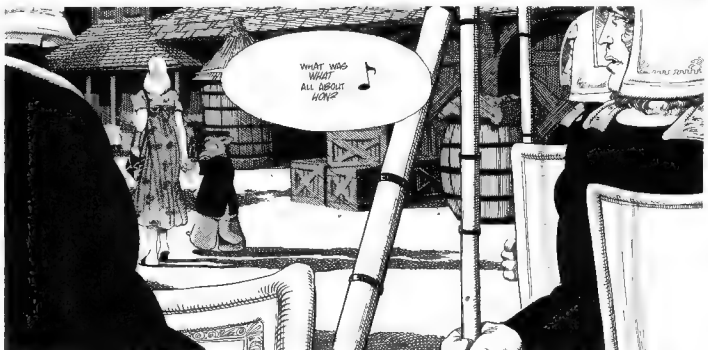
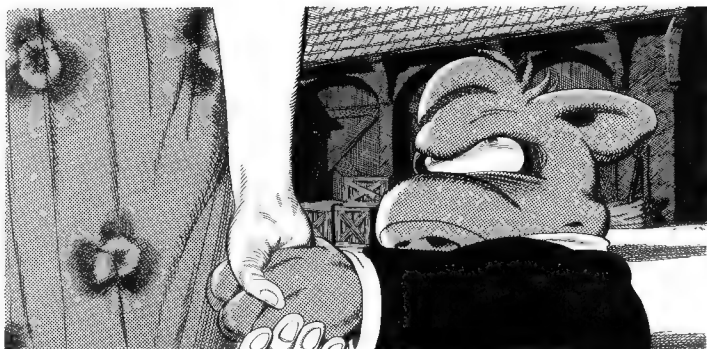












ERILAC

PLEASURE'S SIMPLE LIFE

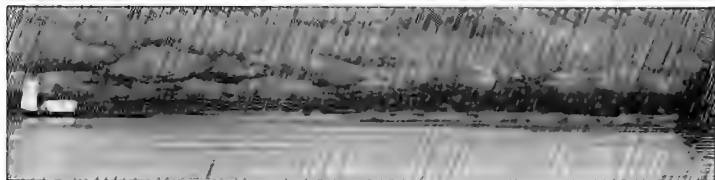
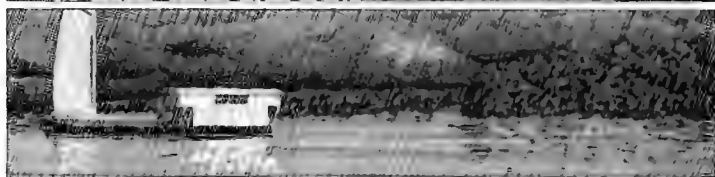
That eternal, sublime singularity which possesses all numerical precisions seemed—to Jay Anthony Diver—discontent with renderings of vague judgement by gender upon fellow gender. If there is a more specific, less nebulous ethic beneath the radiant façade and near to the bruised heart of all seminal transactions, one might believe somewhere in the mind there was a central motive which was not destructive but merely weak and sad.

In the pursuit of happiness—which pursuit being quite possibly the most common, quite possibly the most universal “crime” of which we all, justly and equally, stand accused—these two must be marked as innocent, chiefly for the preeminence of their mutual love for one another. Their antagonisms were always fleeting and transitory—Ginevra and Jozan embraced each other and their respective worlds with unswerving devotion—embraced each other and each other alone in kisses and in wine and with the same ingenuousness in the madness of moonlight as they did under the warm and bright sun of inviolate fidelity.

Ginevra's single flaw—if it can be accurately described as such—was not that she had doubted but, rather, that she had believed.

The exquisite perfection of her gaiety, the delicacy of her attentiveness, the inexhaustibility of her contentment—were her gifts to Jozan, his alone—that was all. And if, before Ginevra yielded up her gift of beauty she shed one bright feather of light so that Jay Anthony Diver, gazing up from the grey earth might say, “Look! There is an angel's wing!” perhaps she had given more than enough in exchange for her human joys.

...The story ends here.





CHASING SCOTT

continued from last issue

I suspect that Zelda read this passage in one of the many draughts of *Tender* while she was in the Phipps Clinic at the John Hopkins University Hospital in Baltimore, thought to herself in her best Scarlett O'Hara voice, "Oh, fiddle-dee-dee," and proceeded to produce what is, to me, the best women's book ever, *Save Me The Waltz*, in a six-week burst of unfettered creativity while Fitzgerald continued with his seven-plus years of wrestling with *Tender*. Of course, in Fitzgerald's defense, Zelda didn't have a Zelda causing her trouble and endlessly distracting her.

Pages 349-366 - "Comics' Longest Pan Shot!" I was tempted to run that tag line on the cover. Interested Cerebus scholar-squirrels are invited to pull out their copies of *High Society* and turn to page 289.

The pan shot begins from a vantage point somewhere around the "a" in "Campaign," looking north. The former Papal Farm Lands and The Docks and Area are unaffected by the devastation. On the Iest and Suburbs side of the river, all that is left is what you see here. Approximately where the Chesmi River meets the Feld are the Chesmi Rapids (around the broken bits and tiny islands). Approximately where the "19" is on the map is the location of The Dead Salt Locks and Canal which connects Dead Salt Lake to the Feld River. If you draw an imaginary line from the "19," following a curve just south of the small canal which partly encircles Greater and Lower Iest (west and south of the city), extending that curve north to the Feld River to a point just east of the small canal to the east of the city...that whole area is now Dead Salt Lake (which isn't really a lake—it's just a really, really, really dramatically widened part of the Feld River).

The voice-over narration is freely adapted from the Book of Isaiah and the Book of Jeremiah (but definitely not the Book of Ezekiel) and constitutes Cirin's best assessment of the "off-camera" chat she endured after she disappeared out of *Minds* on page 65 (you know the old expression, "out of sight, out of *Minds*"). Anyone interested in determining what Cirin might have been told "off-camera" in addition to these excerpts is welcome to search for them in the Book of Isaiah and the Book of Jeremiah (but definitely not the Book of Ezekiel). You can't miss 'em. Or maybe you can.

You'll notice that the vegetation on the Northbell District side of the river gets a little thin starting on page 351. The land mass was unaffected on that side of the river, but all of the vegetation was pretty much wiped out. Even empty-ump number of years after the disaster, the scrub that you see is all that will grow in a wide radius around the former site of Iest.

Page 354 - A fragment of the top of the wall of demon heads and skulls is the only feature which rises above the waves of Dead Salt Lake.

Page 355 - Most versions of Isaiah translate it as "How hath the Golden City ceased?" The only place I've read "Exactresse of gold" is as an alternative translation in the margin of my facsimile of the 1611 King James Bible. "Exactresse of gold" That's perfect.

Page 356 - The railings depicted here are modelled on those on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls—the "Horseshoe Falls" as they're known. My favourite place in the world.

Page 357 - Cerebus fans with long memories will recall Cerebus' last trip to the Northbell side of the river (*High Society*, page 373). Cerebus fans with even longer memories will remember his first trip to the Northbell side of the river (*High Society*, page 335). Anyway, Cerebus' unconscious mind remembers too, as he flails about for a suitable euphemism for goddess worship (page 335, panel 3).

For his part, F. Stop Kennedy muses aloud about Anders Sherwoodsen, a parody of Sherwood Anderson (1876 - 1941), about whom F. Scott Fitzgerald enthused to Max Perkins in a letter sent circa June 1, 1925 (*Life in Letters*, pp. 119-120) as "one of the very best and finest writers in the English language today." He was later to change his opinion at the behest of the author of *The Torrents of Spring*—but, no. You'll just have to wait for book three of *Going Home*.

Page 358 - Iest being, as you can well see, "out of commission," there was a pressing need for a new port at the vital confluence of the Feld, the Oesias, and the Chesmi. At the time of *Fall and the River* that role is being filled by the rapidly expanding new town of Northbelle, named after the former electoral district and acquiring (no big surprise) an "e" on the end in the process.

Page 381 - The first appearance of a black person in Cerebus—and it's a WOMYN! And not only a black womyn, but a black womyn with a pierced nostril! For people who find those sorts of things terribly exciting, well, be still your beating hearts, eh?

Fresh from a moment in Cerebus history like that and with just a sketchy outline to the right of Jaka, I was seized with further inspiration. "Is there any reason," I asked myself, "that this Cirinist shouldn't be...Jim Valentino?" Not only Jim Valentino, normalman and Shadowhawk creator, not only a womyn, but several inches taller than Jim Valentino is in real life! The Zeitgeist connection was apparently too much for the "real"

world to bear, and scant days after I finished inking this panel it was announced that Jim had replaced Larry Marder as Image Comics publisher.

Page 384 - A parody of Fitzgerald's original conclusion to *The Beautiful and Damned*, which underwent at least three known revisions. The first closes with Beauty's return to paradise [having been told about her imminent incarnation as Gloria by "The Voice" in the "Flashback in Paradise" section (pp. 27-30), this plot element is left hanging in the finished book]. This was replaced for its serialization in *Metropolitan* magazine (September 1921 to March 1922) with the piece that I am parodying here:

That exquisite heavenly irony which has tabulated the demise of many generations of sparrows seems to us to be content with the moral judgements of man upon fellow man. If there is a subtler and yet more nebulous ethic somewhere in the mind, one might believe that beneath the sordid dress and near the bruised heart of this transaction there is a motive which was not weak but only futile and sad. In the search for happiness, which search is the greatest and possibly the only crime of which we in our petty misery are capable, these two people were marked as guilty chiefly by the freshness and fullness of their desire. Their disillusion was always a comparative thing—they had sought glamor and color through their respective worlds with steadfast loyalty—sought it and it alone in kisses and in wine, sought it with the same ingenuousness in the wanton

moonlight as under the cold sun of inviolate chastity. Their fault was not that they had doubted but that they had believed.

The exquisite perfection of their boredom, the delicacy of their inattention, the inexhaustibility of their discontent—were disastrous extremes—that was all. And if, before Gloria yielded up her gift of beauty, she shed one bright feather of light so that someone, gazing up from the grey earth, might say, "Look! There is an angel's wing!" perhaps she had given more than enough in exchange for her tinsel joys.

...The story ends here.

On December 23, 1921, Fitzgerald wired Perkins: LILDA [sic] THINKS BOOK SHOULD END WITH ANTHONYS LAST SPEECH ON SHIP SHE THINKS NEW ENDING IS A PIECE OF MORALITY LET ME KNOW YOUR ADVICE...

Only "Lilda" could make morality into a pejorative.

While I think *The Beautiful and Damned* is Fitzgerald's best and most honest book, I have to confess that I think the ending is terrible, and I suspect that this is a major reason why *The Great Gatsby* was, and is, better received by the reading public and the critics. Like *Tender is the Night*, it has a great and memorable ending.

With all due respect to "Lilda" and Max Perkins, I think the above ending would have been a vast improvement

... *Fall and the River* ends here.

But not really. Now the "Director" has to go back and film pages 366 to 385.



LORD JULIUS *on*: ORDERING

HELLO?
HELLO?

GOING HOME

BASICALLY, DAVE SIM AND GERHARD AREN'T ANSWERING THE PHONES ANY MORE, SO THEY'VE SENT ME OUT HERE TO PUT THE BEST FACE ON IT THAT THEY CAN

(FRANKLY, WITH MATERIAL LIKE THIS I'D SAY WE'D ALL HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF WITH THREE POUNDS OF MAX FACTOR FRINGE AFS AND A TROWEL.)

-AHEM-

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YOU FORGOT TO
MENTION THE FULL-
COLOUR, WRAPAROUND
PHOTO COVER...

WELL, YOU FORGOT
TO MENTION I'M NOT
REALLY LORD
JULIUS

DOH!!

GOING HOME

DAVE SIM & GERHARD



